

francis forever by rowen_trash

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Eddie Kaspbrak Lives, Eddie Kaspbrak Loves Richie Tozier, First Kiss, Idiots in Love, Kissing in the Rain, M/M, Richie Tozier Loves Eddie Kaspbrak, listen to the song it's so good, mitski - Freeform

Language: English

Characters: Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: Completed

Published: 2019-11-29

Updated: 2019-11-29

Packaged: 2019-12-19 02:21:07

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,442

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

on sunny days i go out walking, i end up on a tree lined street. i look up at the gaps of sunlight, i miss you more than anything.

or, your everyday kissing-in-the-rain-fix-it fic

francis forever

Author's Note:

i wrote this in less than an hour at like midnight with
no beta. read at your own risk.

i don't know what to do without you, i don't know where to put my hands.

A mere 48 hours after the Losers finally defeated It, after almost dying in a sewer, after almost losing the love of his life, and Richie Tozier was sitting in a god damn hotel room, losing his mind.

i've been trying to lay my head down, but i'm writing this at 3 AM.

Just a few doors down, Eddie Kaspbrak was more than likely sleeping off the pain or worrying about his haphazard stitches for the umpteenth time. The rest of the Losers had left by now, but something was keeping Eddie from leaving as well. And as long as Eddie stayed, Richie would too.

i don't need the world to see that i've been the best i can be.

Bev had entered Richie's room the night before to announce that she left her husband. Richie made a joke about her leaving because she couldn't resist the Trashmouth, but it fell flat. This was why he didn't write his own material. They had a very long discussion about love and the time wasted these past however many years. He knew she was trying to get him to open up, to open up about Eddie, but something in his bones told him that if anyone was going to hear "I love Eddie Kaspbrak" come out of his mouth for the first time, it

should probably be the short stack himself.

but i don't think i could stand to be where you don't see me.

Bev showed Richie Ben's postcard from when they were kids, and it gave him an idea. When she left, knowing she wouldn't get anywhere trying to pry more, he set to work. Richie Tozier had never been a man who's words failed him, unless Eddie was involved, of course. So he pulled out one of those stupid notepads they leave in hotels and inns with the logo watermarked all over it leaving no space to write, and set to work. He wrote and he wrote and he wrote and when the sun came up and The Losers said their goodbyes, he was still writing. It was no "January embers," he's pretty sure Eddie would hate that kind of shit anyways, but it was his. It was 25 years of raw fucking emotion, a wound he finally cut open, spilling all over the pages.

on sunny days i go out walking, i end up on a tree lined street.

In the end, he decided the best route to go to deliver his outpour of disgustingly sweet affection was to be a man, and slip the note under Eddie's room's door, quickly running back down the hall and locking himself in his room. As soon as he did so, back against the door, rain started hitting the window outside, a crack of lightning illuminating the room. Talk about fucking irony. He waited hours, watching the rain as it beat on the window screen, seeming like it would never let up. A small noise from the door made Richie jump out of his fucking skin, a very clear reminder that he was going to need to find a therapist in California when he got back. When he looked down towards where the noise was made, he saw a letter.

i look up at the gaps of sunlight, i miss you more than anything.

It was a letter in the most basic of terms. It was a folded up sheet of hotel pad paper, with the name Eddie Kaspbrak scrawled annoyingly perfect across the back of it. Richie doesn't even remember if he signed his letter to Eddie, although, it probably didn't matter since there was no one else on the face of this Earth that would casually call him Eddie Spaghetti 23 times in one letter, and admit his undying love that's existed for 25 years. Well, it's existed all of their lives, but Richie's gay awakening didn't occur until 25 years ago. Richie felt the anxiety deep within his chest as he unfolded the letter, like his heart was hacked in two with a cleaver. A hot, prickly sensation in the worst way made its way from the ends of his curls all the way to his toes. If anyone were to ask, he'd blame the hairs on the back of his neck standing up from the lightning outside.

Richie,

Jesus, Rich. you couldn't pick a better time to write this to me than only three and a half hours before I have to leave for the airport, huh? Stardom has really gotten to your head, dumbass.

Richie snorted at that. Only his Eds, huh?

I... Of course I love you. God, that hasn't been a question since fucking high school. I just never thought that we'd live in a world where we could be together. I want to give you a chance. I want to give us a chance. But... isn't it too late? Everyone has a life already set in stone, including the two of us. I feel like we missed our chance already, and it wasn't either of our faults, fucking clown, but maybe it's for the best? Honestly, after everything, I have no fucking clue. All I know is that it's 5 pm and my cab will be her in 15 minutes.

I don't know what force on Earth could stop me from loving you, asshole.

Love, Eddie.

Richie looked at the clock. It was 5:10.

i don't need the world to see that i've been the best i can be.

Reacting purely on impulse, as Richie Tozier is most famously known for, he threw open the door and raced down the hall, totally not running over a toddler on his way. Before the receptionist could ask him where he was going in such a hurry, Richie was already standing out in the rain, letter still in hand, watching Eddie struggle to put his suitcase in the trunk of the cab. The sight was too hilarious not to laugh, so that's what he did. Laugh.

but i don't think i could stand to be where you don't see me.

Eddie's eyes went wide when he heard the most familiar laugh in the world. A laugh he could use to find Richie in the biggest crowd he'd ever deign to be in. He turned to see Richie, in all his glory, sopping wet, Eddie's letter still in his hands. Eddie's face flushes when he sees it, and the anxiety bubbles up again. When Richie finally calms down, he snorts.

"You look fucking stupid."

With the biggest, most infatuated fucking grin his face could pull, Eddie starts laughing too, mostly out of awkwardness and anxiety and *Richie fucking Tozier holding my fucking love letter*. It's the most beautiful sound Richie's ever heard. He knows his new answer on his next talk show interview when they ask why he went into comedy.

To be able to listen to that laugh until the end of my days.

When Eddie's bursts of laughter turn into soft punches of air, he looks back up at Richie, who is very noticeably a lot closer than before. Eddie would say too close, but God, Richie could never be too close.

"Did you mean it?"

"Mean what?"

"That it's too late."

and autumn comes when you're not yet done with the summer passing by.

"Rich-"

"No Eds, no. It's not too fucking late. But it will be if we let this fucking slide."

Eddie's shoes were suddenly very interesting.

"*This* is our fucking shot Eds. Can't you see that? I'm not letting you go in that fucking cab until you do."

Eddie rolled his eyes and moved around Richie. Well, he tried to, but

Richie grabbed his wrist and pulled him back in front of him. Eddie scoffed, trying to move around him again, the same sequence of events occurring again. And again.

"Let me go, asshole!"

"Nope," Richie responded, popping the p.

"Rich, I swear to god, if I miss my fucking flight-"

"It's not that difficult Eds, you just have to-"

"Fine!"

Maybe it was the fact that he'd been in love for fucking *eons*, or the fact that he wanted desperately to get out of the rain, or the fact that Richie Tozier was standing there, professing his love in the most obnoxious way possible because he's *Richie fucking Tozier*, but if anyone were to ask, Eddie would say that he kissed Richie to get him to finally shut the fuck up.

but i don't think i could stand to be where you don't see me.

Author's Note:

i was not expecting everyone to like this so much,
thank you!! maybe i'll start writing more?? a H !